The Calumet BOILERMAKER

"THE VOICE OF THE STUDENTS - - BY THE STUDENTS"

Vol. 12 — No. 5 PURDUE UNIVERSITY CALUMET CAMPUS, HAMMOND, INDIANA Friday, Jan. 22, 1965

YVONNE IGNAZITO Elected Queen

SCOPE Caper Successful

The Student Chapter of Professional Engineers (SCOPE) completed its initial cycle with a field trip to the Dresden Nuclear Power Station where we had a look into the future in which the engineer will be playing one of the most vital roles in tomorrow's world.

On a crisp, clear morning during the Christmas vacation, a bus, chartered by SCOPE, departed with its 52 passengers for Dresden. After a ninety-minute ride, the bus approached the gates that surrounded the nuclear power station. The guard, who was expecting our bus, waved us on to a small building that was set apart from the sphere which housed the reactor. We were greeted by a nuclear engineer on the inside. After his welcoming speech, we were shown a short film that guided us through the inside of the reactor—at a safe distance. When the film was concluded, the engineer again took over and led us into another room. This room contained models of the reactor and its essential components. He explained and answered all questions concerning the operation of the reactor.

After everyone had an overall view of the plant's operation, we were then shown the actual plant. Our first stop was the underwater storage area for the new and used fuel cells of the reactor. From this area the fuel would be transferred via an underground water canal to the reactor when it was time to refuel the reactor. This would be done at nine-month intervals. At this time only about two-fifths of the fuel cells would have to be interchanged for new ones. We were then shown the control room which is the nerve center for Dresden's reactor. In this 16x20-foot room a couple of men can control all parts of the reactor's operations by turning various switches. When the switches are in the correct positions, steam will be generated in the reactor. This steam is then sent to the generator which will convert the heat energy into mechanical energy that will produce the electrical energy. The generator that we saw on our last stop is the same type that had been in use for years. Therefore, the only change in the nuclear plant, from a coal-fired plant, was the method for the creation of the steam.

The small area for operation and storage of fuel and small number of men required to run the plant as well as the cleanliness of operation were very impressive. Everybody left with a little more insight into the future of power production and a little wider view into the world of tomorrow.

More trips into the future are now being planned by SCOPE for the near future. So for a wider view into the area of engineering, you are invited to put SCOPE into your vision.

—J. N. Remich,
Prog. Chairman of SCOPE

YVONNE IGNAZITO—The reigning queen of Roses in the Snow. Long live the queen!

Circle K Will Meet Every Friday. Rm. 147.

Addition IV

Limelighting the rostrum of new professors this week is Mrs. Johnston. She received her B.A. and M.A. in English from Denver University and is working toward her doctorate degree at the University of New Mexico. Before coming to Purdue, she taught at both of the above schools.

Presently, she has approximately 75 students in English 101 and Spanish 101 combined. Her husband, Mr. Johnston, is working part time at the University of Chicago while working on a degree in journalism at the Illinois Institute of Technology.

When asked about hobbies, Mrs. Johnston's reply was that she pitches a baseball for her home team (her husband).

She was happy to say that she finds most of her students quite interested in their work. Her final comment was in the form of a motto: "Everybody study!"

Pam Johnson

THE LEGEND OF P.U.

The school you are now attending is called P.U. Isn't it strange that a school should have a name like P.U.? The naming of this school goes back about 400 years when it was an agricultural school. Back then P.U. had more animals roaming around the campus than students, and every time someone would drive up to the campus they would say, "This must be_____" and before they could get the name out, the smell (from the animals, that is) would overcome them and they would say, "pu." This went on for so many years that the student body decided to change the name of their school from Indiana University to P.U. So every time you smell some foul odor, don't say pu, say Indiana University.

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The Calumet
BOILERMAKER

ASSOCIATED COLLEGIATE PRESS ACP MEMBER

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Editorial Policy

As it is stated on the banner head of this paper, **The Calumet Boilermaker** is "the voice of the students—by the students." This is exactly what we intend to remain. We consider it our duty to investigate and mercilessly attack ANYTHING which is detrimental to the student body. We recognize our responsibility to the student body to present to them the truth in its entirety without pulling any punches. But, at the same time we intend to be not only the voice of the students but their conscience as well. We will attack the wrong doings of any student with the same force with which we attack anything else.

This is more than just a policy; it is a pledge which we will stand by, come what may.

Editorial

Allow me to make a comment to the "illustrious student(s)." I thought that your original caper, stealing Mr. Cole's sign, was funny. It was a good joke. But to say that you have now overdone it is a gross understatement. You have now laid siege to every sign in the building—room numbers, "John" signs, teacher's desk plaques, cloak room signs, and office signs. This has gone too far and must STOP! An occasional prank is both expected and refreshing, but your activities have grown to proportions of malicious vandalism.

If this vandalism doesn't stop the administration will be forced to enact measures to protect the property of the school. We already have too many such measures but they will be easily justified in view of such acts.

—The Editor

LOOK AROUND!

Have you looked around the school lately? I mean really looked around and noticed the fruits of asinine acts such as the breaking of signs off the walls, the filth in the eating lounge, and the broken or missing mirrors in the lavatories. Is this a campus composed of illiterate thugs from the ghettos of Lake County, Indiana, and Cook County, Illinois? I think not. If you passed the entrance requirements and are attending P.U.C.C. on your own initiative, you apparently have some desire to obtain an education. Although it has been said, and statistically backed, that 52% of college students are there just for the hell of it. Has college become a nursery school for pseudo-intellectuals? What will visitors think of **our** campus when they walk in and see portions of or entirely missing signs? Moreover, I would like to know what the individual committing such heinous acts thinks of himself. I know what I think! So, what can we do about it? We must "dent that damn apathy" and give **our** campus a sense of pride. To do this, everyone must take an active part in the affairs of the student body. Join a club. Attend a Student Council meeting. If something really "bugs" you, write an open letter to the Boilermaker, or even better, join the staff. Instead of joining in on the animadversion of the Student Congress, attend the meetings; they are open to the students. See if perhaps you can help the council. After all, they represent **you. Our** college's greatest need is pride; let's give it some!

W. G. Babcock

Why Not

Plow the Lot

Before We Park

Our Cars in It?

Required Reading For Adults

Has anyone noticed the sickening odor that we carry home at the end of each day at P.U.C.C.? Many attribute this odor to perspiration, bad breath, or smoke-saturated clothing. Nothing could be further from the truth. The odor is, I am sorry to say, the putrid smell of the most horrifying decay—the decay of the individual.

Why is this happening when we are supposedly consuming technical knowledge? Why is this happening when we are in an environment that is to prepare us for our future? Why are we indifferent to this catastrophe? Why is the administration? Why are the parents who are supporting this institution? Perhaps the answer is simple, perhaps not.

Perhaps these ideas will help illuminate this degenerating cycle. The opportunity for the students to make any decisions concerning their environment, both mental and physical, is non-existent. The system of turning out "auto-mations," yes, machines, and treated as such, is so routine that its acceptance is universal in all aspects of life. Should this unhealthy state remain as such? I think not! I hope not! I can be changed by the administration creating an atmosphere conducive to self-reliance, weighing values, and the development of our own personalities. Such an environment will enhance and propagate the American image of free people—**completely free.** Restrictive regulations only arouse apathy, which is widespread here at PUCC, or silent disrespect of authority, which is also present.

What can the administration do to rectify this situation? Mainly, take their prohibitive rules and send them to Russia where they would really be appreciated. Make no mistake, the downfall of the barriers will erect the pillars of respect. I hope we, the students, aren't in the position desired by the administration. Is this their desire?—goodbye to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness?

Administration: Why not try these solutions—IF THE ABOVE IS NOT YOUR DESIRE!

1. Make the first floor lounge into a recreation room with ping-pong, cards, chess sets, radio, hi-fi, piano, and other forms of relaxation so that the eating lounge isn't so cluttered.
2. Allow smoking in the halls.
3. A bulletin board without restrictions.
4. Create the type of environment you yourselves have (such as in the administration and faculty areas of the building. Ed.).

Does anyone believe that our existing conditions will enable us to mature into healthy beings in every respect? I consider most asinine if anyone does. To quote a cliche, "You can lead a horse to water, but a pencil must be led." Let us taste the bitterness of defeat but also savor the delicacy of our gained success. In other words, let us be the dumb asses that I'm sure you were at one time.

—Russell A. VanBlaircom

Wat Sa Matta Wit Ya?

I have always been under the impression that the spaces between those yellow lines in that bull ring we call the student parking lot are large enough to park a car and still have room left to open the doors without bumping the car next to it. In fact I have seen small trucks manage to make it into one of those generous spaces.

Now if a truck can get in there without any trouble, why the h---can't a simple car do it!? Imagine the frustration—you see an opening "up front," quickly you head for it. When you get there, what is it—half a space! Some fool didn't have the decency to park between the lines and leave a full space.

This thing has gone far enough! If the administration sees fit to hang tickets on cars for parking properly in the wrong places, then why don't they do the same for those who park wrong in the proper places? How about it, Illinois license plate R. T. 3598, and all the rest of you jugheads that can't get into one space?

"Vette"

WHERE TO GO IN CHICAGO

Lair of the Ancient Thane—Folk-singing nightly. Hootenanny Wed. night, 7:30-1. Closed Mon. and Tues. $1.00 cover charge. No liquor served. Fox at LaSalle, Aurora 896-0966, 896-2136.

Know Where—Folk entertainment. Wed.-Sun. at 9:00, 10:30, 12:00. $1.00 admission charge. 151 Ruby Street, Joliet. 723-5151.

La Montmartre — Folksinging nightly. Willy Wright and Tari Rebenar: Sun. 9:30 to 4:00; Sat. 9:30 to 5:00. $1.00 entertainment charge on Fri. and Sat. 20 East Chicago.

Down Stage Room at the Happy Medium—Buddy Charles Trio, Sat. Jimmy Konas Trio with singer Toni Dino, through Monday. Dancing nightly from 9:00. Cover Fri. $1.00, Sat. $1.50.

The Sound—Folk music entertainment to be announced. Wed., Thur., and Sun., 8:30-12:00. Fri. and Sat. 8:30-2:00. Nightly 50¢, Fri. and Sat. $1.00. 400 Waukegan Ave. ID 2-9617.

Thaldorf

BYLINE

by Walter G. Babcock

December was indeed a very busy one for the council. Mr. Harry H. Hubbard addressed them on the problem of the check room and answered questions varying from school spirit to club financial statements.

On financial statements, it was clarified that the Student Affairs Committee distributes money to the Student Council, the school newspaper, and the athletic department. The money allocated to the Student Council is reallocated to the various clubs. The clubs must submit a budget to the council requesting, if necessary, a subsidy. Upon review by the council, requests are then submitted to the Student Affairs Committee for approval.

During the discussion, the thought came to mind, "What the ---- is the Student Affairs Committee?" Mr. Hubbard defined it as a committee composed of the Student Affairs officer, the President of the Student Council, the editor of the school newspaper, and three faculty members. He noted that he has been trying to get the committee together for weeks, to no avail. He said this committee is by far the most important at P.U.C.C., as it, in effect, sets school policy for the student body.

It was also mentioned that clubs undertaking an activity open to and for the benefit of all students may have all or part of such undertakings underwritten (paid for) by the council. Jim Remich, representative of SCOPE, then moved that the council underwrite their trip to Dresden. It was passed and in a twinkling of an eye, the council had loaned out $53. However, my commendations go to SCOPE for returning the $53 as the income from the trip proved to be the first successful business venture of any club.

Roses-in-the-Snow came off very well. There were about 40 couples present. Having attended the dance, I noticed, naturally, some lack of organization but everybody seemed to have a good time. The decorating committee did a great job. Thanks go to Bill Fitzwater and sister, Bob Priesol and friend, George Thompson, Harold Dausman, Chuck Hall, Ann McNeill, and many others whose names escape recollection at the moment. While all this decorating was going on, a summit meeting was taking place in a remote location, secluded from the world by Christmas trees, signs, and decorations. The participants hovered over ditto sheets, a McDonald hamburger in one hand, trying to "get those —*?!& programs printed." Having reached the point of frustration, the two "chiefs," Donna Stivers and Liz Oxford, adjourned to Liz's home for final touches.

Work is still going on with the Constitution. Haven't heard anything from Dave yet.

I finally got it out of my system. The movie on parliamentary procedure was shown. Several comments were made, but on the whole I think everyone got something out of it. Circle K did, anyway.

Speaking of Circle K, the mid-semester carnival has been called off. Only one club had paid their entrance fee and that one was the Young Republicans. Condemnations on Circle K. I, personally, was looking forward to the carnival. Pretty soon the apathy on this campus will reach its zenith, at which we won't even need to have classes.

COMING EVENTS

There will be a lot of social functions next semester. PMO is sponsoring a dance sometime in the first part of February; Student Council, the latttr part; and Circle K sometime in March. Don't forget the Athletic Department dance after the basketball game on January 23.

The Y-Rs are sponsoring Mr. Bernard Balas of the Internal Revenue Service of Gary, who will come to speak to the student body of P.U.C.C. on February 17, 1965 at 12:00 in room 103. His topic is "The New Tax Cut and How It Affects You." He will also touch upon other aspects of IRS.

Possibilities for the future:

—An address by Francis Lynch, District Director of the Northwest Indiana Crime Commission, which covers criminal activities in Lake and Porter Counties.

—An address and visit by Frederick Hovde, President of Purdue University.

Editor, editor. Who's got the editor? In case you haven't noticed, the last three issues have been printed under different leadership. Through November it was George Thompson. For December, it was Tom Thaldorf. In January, it's Herb Cain. In February—who knows? Grades will be out by then. It may be an entirely new face.

Next month, 1,000 issues.

Mr. Fisher, philosophy instructor

WHO DAT?

What is this thing
Called me,
That roams and wanders
Endlessly?

By light of day there
Is a man,
Who walks and talks
And tries to be
The echo of others,
Imaginary.

But, when shadows of night
Begin to fall,
That's not what
He is at all.

I am but what
I am to me.

But, most surprisingly
Of all,
Tomorrow night
I'll see myself
In a different light.

Dat

THE *Light* REFRESHMENT

P.U.C.C. - A HAVEN FOR GIRLS?

The following is a play written by the C.A.B.D. Club of Purdue Calumet Center. A chronicle of the old P.U.C.C., with new names.

ACT I

Scene 1: P.U.C.C. Co-ed Corner.
Time: One of those dismal Monday mornings.
Cy: Hi crew! What a lousy weekend. Tom, did you do anything special?
Tom: Yah, I had a wonderful time watching Saturday Night at the Movies on television. I also watched the late show, the late, late show, and the early morning show.
Judy: Sounds like a real swingin' time. Mine was almost as terrific. I romanced my chemistry book all weekend. I don't even know what a date is anymore.
Liz: Something you eat, isn't it?
Sheila: No, stupid! In some foreign city, Lafayette, I think they call it, a date actually means you go out with a MALE! HORRORS!
Liz: Hey, it seems I do recall something like that way back in high school.
Donna: As I recall, it was rather nice. Seriously gang, maybe these dead weekends really are our own fault. I'm going to do something about it.

ACT II

Scene: The old lounge.
Time: Later that day.
Donna saunters up to Dave, who is glued to the T.V. set.
Donna: Ahem
Dave: Silence
Donna: Ahem, ahem
Dave: Silence
Donna: AHEM, AHEM, AHEM
Dave: Silence
Donna goes into a fit of coughing. Finally a commercial flashes on.
Dave: Say, it sounds as if you had a bad cold there.
Donna: Ya . . . . . .
Dave: Shhh!
Donna: Do you mind if I sit down?
Dave: Shhh!
Donna sits and waits patiently for next commercial. Luck is with her and the program finally ends.
Dave: I'm kinda thirsty. Would you like a Coke?
Donna: Gee, thanks. Sounds fine.
Dave: Gotta dime?
Donna: Never mind. I just wanted to talk to you for a minute.
Dave: No kiddin'? Why?
Donna: Well, uh, I've got all my homework done and I just don't have a thing to do. Besides, you're such a sweet person to talk to. (Donna bats her lashes at him.)
Dave: You got something in your eye?
Donna (trying a new approach): Say, did you see "Guns of Navarone?" I hear it's supposed to be a really good picture. Anthony Quinn and James Darren are my favorite actors, and the action and dialogue are supposed to be tremendous. You know, I read in a magazine that everyone ought to see that movie.
Dave: Well, I have to get to class. See yah!

ACT III

Final scene: In the hall outside the cafeteria.
Time: Friday afternoon.
Dave comes rushing up to Donna.
Dave: Say, Donna! Hold it a minute. I have to ask you something.
Donna: What is it, Dave? I have plenty of time for you. (She bats her eyelashes.)
Dave: Say, you really ought to do something about those eyes.
Donna: What is it you wanted to ask me, Dave?
Dave: Well, uh, I've been meaning to ask you, uh, for almost a week now!
Donna: Yes, yes . . . . . .?
Dave: I was going to ask you when we were talking in the lounge that day, but, uh, I thought you would say 'no.'
Donna: Oh, Dave, you know I'd love to.
Dave: Gee, would you? Thanks, Donna. Thanks a lot! I'll bring it over tonight on my way to work.
Donna: Bring WHAT??
Dave: My term paper. It's due Monday.
Donna: OH!
Dave: Thanks again, Donna. Gee, I really appreciate it. Well, so long. I'll see ya Monday—uh, have a nice weekend.
Donna: (SIGH!) I think I'll try I.U. —CURTAIN—

During a recent rope raid in New York City, a police sergeant noticed one man with a filtered weed. Upon closer examination the sergeant exclaimed, "A reefer with a filter!" "Naturally," said the man in custody, who was obviously 'in the know'—"you think I want to get cancer!"

There has been a persistent rumor that the Playboy Bunny may replace the Boilermaker on the banner-head of the paper. I naturally disbelieved this until I saw some "bunnies" serving cocktails in the Student Council office. Now I'm beginning to wonder.

There has been a lull in the student revolt in California. The administration is digging in for a long fight and the students and their allies (the faculty, of all people!) are bringing up heavy artillery (105mm howitzers) and planning daylight precision bombing.

By the time you read this, finals will be over. I offer my sincere condolences. May you rest in peace.

Goodnight, Prof.
Goodnight, Herb.

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Komedy Korner

by Wally Gee

WHAT—

Is black and white and red all over? Sunburned zebra.

Rides a horse, wears a mask, and is orange? The lone tangerine.

Is sexy and hums? Hmmmmmm

Is green and has wheels? Grass. I was lying about the wheels.

Is red and goes dingle-dangle? A red dingle-dangle. What is green and goes dingle-dangle? A green dingle-dangle? No. They only come in red.

Is green and flies? Super Pickle.

Is orange and goes click-click? A ball-point carrot.

Is yellow, hangs from trees and is very, very dangerous? A man-eating banana.

Is black, lives in trees, and is very, very dangerous? A crow with a machine gun.

Is the sound made by a 500-pound canary? T-O-O-T!

* * *

DAFFYNISHIONS—

Soviet propaganda: Commyrot.

Drive-in theatre: Where a guy turns off the ignition and tries out his clutch.

Conscience: One's soul companion.

Bigamist: One who has had one too many.

Child's tricycle: Tot rod.

* * *

IT COULD ONLY HAPPEN AT P.U.C.C.—

While checking over exam papers for his literature class prior to Christmas vacation, Mr. Conrath found the following answer to this question on one paper: How ethical was Julius Caesar?" Reply—"Lord only knows. Merry Christmas!" Upon return of the exam, the student found this note: "The Lord gets a 100; you get 0. Happy New Year!"

Professor Hartmann gives the following modern version of the Ugly Duckling story: "In the new version, the Ugly Duckling never finds out that he's a swan. He just goes under analysis—and adjusts."

Comment made by Bob Hope on tour in Viet Nam: "We had a terrific reception. A 21-gun salute. And seven were ours."

Mr. Tinkham clarifies the time system for late instructors: "For a full professor, you wait the full period. For assistant professors, you wait 20 minutes. For instructors, you wait 10 minutes. In my case, you merely look in the door while passing."

A teacher wanted to present a rather difficult problem of logic one day, so he asked this question:

"The United States is bounded on the north by Canada, on the south by the Gulf of Mexico, on the east by the Atlantic Ocean, and on the west by the Pacific Ocean. How old am I?"

After a moment, one of his students held up his hand, and said, "Well, you're 44."

Should a gentleman offer a lady a Tiparillo?

"Why," said the Prof., "that's right. How did you reason that out so quickly?"

The student said, "Well, I have a cousin at home who is 22, and he's only half nuts."

* * *

It was Election Day, and the senator ran home after getting the final returns and woke up his wife. "Mary, Mary, wake up. Congratulate me. I've won the election."

His wife, surprised, blurted out, "Honestly?"

The senator scowled. "Now what the hell did you have to bring that up for?"

* * *

The Army major was angry at the late hours his three sergeants were keeping. He warned them they'd be disciplined if they weren't in their barracks by midnight. The very next night the trio was later than ever.

Called on the carpet, the first sergeant told the major he couldn't get a cab so he hired a hansom carriage. Trotting up the hill, the horse fell dead and the sergeant had to walk. The excuse seemed reasonable, so the major excused the sergeant and called in the next man. The second sergeant told the same story as the first. Enraged, the major called in the third sergeant and said, "I suppose you've got some crazy excuse about missing a cab and having to hire a hansom."

"No, not at all," said the sergeant. "I was late because my cab was delayed half way up the hill by dead horses all over the road."

* * *

Mary, Mary, so contrary,
Why doesn't your garden grow?
I've put it all in the Soil Bank, sir,
And live off government dough.

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her.
Peter sadly shook his head,
"Damn inflation," Peter said.

* * *

Professor Malone's mail baskets: "Outgoing" and "Inhibited."

* * *

LETTERS FROM CAMP—

Dear Folks, yesterday our counselor told us all about where babies come from. You lied to me. Love and XXXXX, Margaret.

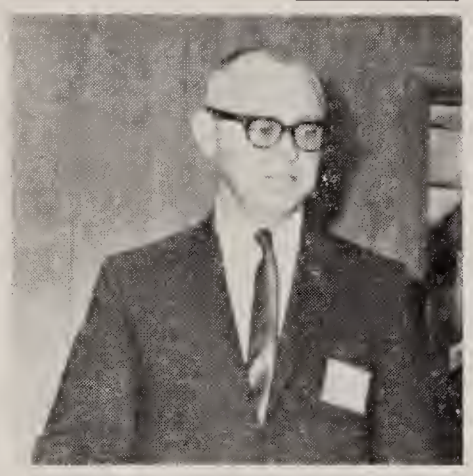
Dear Parents, you don't have to meet me at the bus station. My counselor said they are going to bring me home in a special car so I can lie down. Jason.

Dear Mom and Dad, I have joined the boxing club. This morning I had my first fight. I don't think I'll need braces for my teeth anymore. Love, John.

HO. HO. HIC.

An odoriferous four year old
Sat on the lap of a myth, age old,
Whose ruddy face and bright red nose
Were made that way by many days
And nights of drinking brandy,
(guaranteed aged in wood), kept handy
In a bag, and swilled in doorways,
Until Christmas, when he gets to sit
Upon a throne, a sight to behold,
And promise joy and treasured dreams,
To the four year old, who openly beams,
And says to his mom, "Santa sure smells good."
PARENTHESIS: (He's aged in wood.)

GEM



Excuse me, General, but would you mind removing that tank from under the backboard?

Mr. Cole Is Really a Pretty Good Guy

Mr. Relich, or the math department

Herb Likes GiGi

CLASSIFIED

WANTED: BABYSITTING JOB—High school girl willing to babysit Friday and Saturday evenings. For more information call 931-1735. Ask for Joellen Buttram.

WANTED: WRITERS FOR THE BOILERMAKER — You need not become a regular member of our staff nor sign your real name to your article. Just put it in the "Articles to be Printed" box in the Student Council office.

(The **Boilermaker** is now offering a classified section. The cost of a classified ad is only $1.00.)

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SPORTS VIEW

Ray Rusnak and the U.P.I. Wire Service

BASEBALL

The San Francisco Giants have added a Japanese pitcher, Masanori Murakami, to their roster.

The Cincinnati Reds have also gone foreign in their team. Their G.M., B. Dewitt says an 18-year-old, Alberto Rinaldi from Italy, has signed with the team.

Use of a proposed 25-million-dollar stadium in Philadelphia will be restricted to the Phillies and the grid Eagles. Both of these teams have signed 30-year leases, and the question of a loan for the stadium went before the voters on Nov. 3.

SPORTS DEFECTORS

Three Hungarians defected to the West in Tokyo and left for the U.S. One was a member of the canoeing team and the other two were tourists. The canoeist was the first athlete from a communist country to defect during the 1964 Olympic Games.

SPEED RECORD

Paula Murphy set a women's land speed record by driving a jet-powered car at an average speed of 226.37 miles-per-hour on the partially wet track at the Bonneville, Utah, Salt Flats.

BOWLING

Californian Jim Saint John coasted to his second straight world match game bowling championship in Chicago. He piled up a commanding early lead and grabbed top honors. Second place went to Bob Strampe of Detroit.

SWIMMING

The swimming exploits of Don Schollander in the Olympics have earned him plaudits throughout the world.

Schollander, from Lake Oswego, Oregon, was named "World's Best Athlete of 1964" in a poll conducted by a West German news (sports) agency.

BASEBALL

Former New York Yankee great Joe DiMaggio believes that baseball is damaging itself with too much bickering, shifting of franchises, and claims of league supremacy.

Says DiMaggio—"Baseball isn't doing itself any good, and I'd be happy to see more power put in the hands of the commissioner. The shifting of franchises has not put the game in a good light."

DiMaggio doesn't string along with the theory that the National League is stronger than the American League—or vice-versa—saying that, "Over the years, they have been evenly matched. There may be cycles of a couple of years when one appears stronger, but it doesn't stick."

BOXING

THE BOSTON TRAVELER says that the Cassius Clay-Sonny Liston championship bout will be next April 26, at the Boston Garden.

However, the World Boxing Association, which does not recognize Clay as HW-champ, has set up plans for a Heavyweight Championship of its own. It named Ernie Terrell of Chicago and Cleveland Williams of Houston to fight for what it calls the "vacant" World Heavyweight Title, possibly in January.

The association had withdrawn recognition from Clay because of its opposition to return bout contracts.

FOOTBALL—BOXING—WHAT THE HELL!

Notre Dame University has officially apologized to Michigan State University for an attack on the Spartan band after a football game at South Bend.

But the apology apparently will not be enough to persuade M.S.U. to take its band back to the Irish campus next fall.

Professor Leonard Falcone, director of the 175-piece Spartan band, said, "We're very pleased to receive the expression of regret and apology from Notre Dame. I, personally, think it was unfortunate that such a thing should have taken place and I hope the situation will improve there. I hope that this incident will improve the conduct of the students at Notre Dame."

NEXT ISSUE!!!

An Article from **Playboy**

THE PROF

Dr. Hartman writes for us. (Prepare to be analyzed.)

En Garde

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